PUBLICATIONS.

The Latest Indiana Story.

Booth Tarkington's story, "The Two Vanrevels" (McClure, Phillips & Co.), has comedy and tragedy. It is dramatic and romantic. We should be willing to oo, that it is realistic, were it not hat we always find ourselves bowed down by a great weight of caution when we ome to speak of that sacred quality. The style is careful and rounded and relieved

We do not know from observation, nor are we qualified to say infallibly from study, just what an Indiana town of 6,000 nhabitants was like in 1846. We are willng to believe that it was like this town of Rouen in Mr. Tarkington's story. Rouen was a pleasant place. One there, strolling the Bow' all right Carewe street of a spring morning, might have heard Betty Carewe as "having finished her pianoforte practice," she touched her harp twice and arpeggioed he Spanish fandango on her guitar;' and at night in Carewe street there were he masquerade balls at the Madrillons. We quote from memory from Mr. Tennyson:

All night have the roses heard

The flute, violin, bassoon, all night has the casement jasmine stirred

To the dancers dancing in tune, And a bush with the setting moon.

Twas the same at the Madrillon's. "Over ne unwearied plaint of French horn, violin and bassoon, rose a silvery confusion of voices and laughter and the sound of a hundred footfalls in unison, while from the open windows there issued a warm breath, heavily laden with the smell of scented fans, of rich fabrics, of dying roses, to mingle with the spicy perfume of a wild crab tree in fullest blossom, which stood ear enough to peer into the ballroom, and, like a brocaded belle herself, challenge the richest to show raiment as fine, the lovejest to look as fair and joyful in the dawn."

Fascinating indeed these gay routs at he Madrillon's, and we do not wonder that the historian should be fain to dwell upon them. The angels took notice and sent a detail of police. These were fairly faithful. Those angels appointed to be guardians of the merry people of Rouen, poising one night between earth and stars, discovered a single brilliant and resonant spotset in the midst of the dark quiet town like a iewelled music box on a black cloth. Sounds of revelry and the dance from the luminous spot came up through the summer stillness to the weary guardians all night long, until, at last, when a red glow stole into the east and the dance still continued, nay, grew faster than ever, the celestial watchers found the work too heavy for their strength and forthwith departed, leaving the dancers to their own devices; for, as every one knows, "when a dance lasts till daylight guardian angels flee."

Nor should we overlook the Club on Main street, a place quite as attractive in its way, we should think, as the Madrillon's at masquerade time. Think of sitting in the Club on a soft June afternoon, over a glass of cherry bounce, and watching the Rouen Volunteers marching down Main street on their way to the Mexican War. There was plenty that was fine and glittering and luxurious and joyous in Rouen, Ind., in 1846. The reader will wish he could have been there. We have not spoken of the Rouen fire engine company.

There were not really two Vanrevels It was only the misunderstanding of Betty Carewe that made out a second one. Betty was accommodating as well as beautiful. Her sex being what it was, she must have had both curiosity and intuition, but these she subordinated for the sake of the story Everybody else in Rouen knew the difference between Tom Vanrevel and Crailey Gray. The difference really was about as great as it could be, but she mixed the two up. She thought that Crailey Gray was Tom Vanrevel, and that Tom Vanrevel was Crailey Gray. For two months at least, in that small and transparen community, where one must think it was the duty and the business of everybody to know everybody else, she preserved this singular misconception intact. One does not see how she did it; she deserves great credit. The plot of the story depends upon this faithful blindness of Betty's.

It is true, however, that Robert Carewe, Betty's father, once mistook Crailey Gray for Tom Vanreyel. That was when Crailey dressed himself in Tom's uniform and came making love to Betty at night in the Carewe garden. Old Carewe from his "Tower" window (there was a secret "Tower" in the Carewe house where some tall gambling was carried on) took aim at the shining buttons and sent a musket ball into Crailey's breast. . There is a dramatic page describing the flight of Robert Carewe after this mad act. Tom Vanrevel saw him and his faithful colored servant, Nelson, as the two rode down Carewe street together. "Carewe rode stiffly, like a man frozen upon his horse, and his face was like that of a frozen man; his eyes glassy and not fixed upon his course, so that it was a deathly thing to see. Once, long ago. Tom had seen a man riding for his life, and he wore the same look. The animal bounded and swerved under Vanrevel's enemy in the mad rush down the street, but he sat rigid, bolt upright in the saddle, his face set to that look of coldness. The second rider was old Nelson, who rode with body crouched forward, his eyeballs like shining porcelain set in ebony, and his arm like a flail, cruelly lashing his own horse and his master's with a heavy whip. 'De steamboat!' he shouted hoarsely, bringing down the lash on the one and then on the other. 'De steamboat, de steamboat-fo' God's sake, honey, de steamboat!' They swept into Main street. Nelson leaning far across the other's bridle and turning both horses toward the river." We may add that they reached the steamboat safely, and that Carewe sailed away and never came back. It was a queer thing for Nelson to call old Carewe "honey;" he was anything but that.

Fanchon Bareaud, to whom the volatile Crailey was engaged to be married, had a presentiment that he would be shot, but she thought it would be in the war in Mexico. "I've dreamed it-dreamed it six times," she said to him. "And it comes to me in the day time as though I saw it with my eyes; the picture of you in an officer's uniform lying on the fresh green grass and a red stain just below the throat. This might have been disturbing to a lover of less cheerful disposition. He only said, in his fine and gallant way: "That shows what dreams are made of, dear lady. We'll find little green grass in Mexico, and I'm only a corporal; so where's the officer's uniform?" But he purloined Tom's uniform (Tom was a Major), as we have seen, and it was on the green grass that he fell in the Carewe garden.

Betty, writing to Vanrevel, says in the course of her letter (page 231): "But this is all shame, shame for Robert Carewe's daughter. It seems to me that I should hide and not lift my head; that I, being of my father's blood, could never look you in the face again. It is so unspeakably painful

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and ugly." One might think from this that Betty was writing very plainly and rudely about Vanrevel's face, but really it was her father's conduct that she meant when she so wrote. The conduct of Robert Carewe was indeed unspeakably painful and ugly; whereas Tom Vanrevel's face, it is hardly necessary to say, was not in the least painful and was exceedingly hand-

The reader will hardly fail to notice a number of ingenious expressions in the course of the story; "the tall clock in a corner of the library asthmatically coughed he hour of noon" (page 338) is one of them. It will be noticed, too, that Crailey Grav foreseized a usage that is now a favorite among us when he said of a tune that the band was playing (page 332): "It's 'Rosin

"The Two Vanrevels" will please the reader. It is full of incident and color. Tom Vanrevel is every bit as fine as he looks in the frontispiece, where he is handing an errant and newly captured kitten to Betty Carewe. Crailey Grav was an actor in his everyday intercourse with people, and he drank more whiskey than was proper, but he was remarkably amiable, and besides he was punished. Betty herself was adorable, aside from her musical accomplishments; we remember that she was young and newly from the convent when she was overpowered by Crailey's declamation about the stars—the declamation beginning: "I think all questions are answered there. The stars tell it all. When you look at them, you know! They have put them on our flag. There are times when this seems but a poor nation, boastful, corrupt, violent, and preparing, as it is now, to steal another country by fraud and war; yet the stars on the flag always make me happy and confident. Do you see the constellations swinging above us?" and so forth. She made Tom Vanrevel suffer, but she learned who he was at last. and when she had learned he suffered no more. Our belief is that this will be a successful book

Fiction for All Tastes.

A pretty rustic love story, if it is on somewhat conventional lines, has been old in "The Manor Farm" (Longmans, Green & Co.), by M. E. Francis, who is Mrs. Francis Blundell. There is a deal of humor and comedy in the story, which, toward the end, turns rather into farce. The dialect used, we understand, is that of Dorset. It is interesting to note in it bits of New York slang, like the "so-long" used by the Dorset villagers when they part, and good New England words like "trapesing." The story is thoroughly readable and clean.

Where will the craving for originality carry our novelists? The hero of Mr. Frank H. Spearman's "Doctor Bryson" (Charles Scribner's Sons) is an eye surgeon and the reader is treated to a succession of ophthalmological cases from the beginning to end of the book. There are other medical cases, too; for instance, the operations on a little boy for membranous croup. The scene is in Chicago. which may account for the peculiar vicissitudes of the love story. Now, the author has talent, the story reads well, and many scenes are told vividly, for instance, that same death of the little boy with croup, or to accomplish some highly important

but, we fancy, the doctors will shudder at the medical statements and the lay readers will not understand them, and why should

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such things be dragged into fiction? Though intended for children, Mr. Roy Rolfe Gilson's delightful sketches in "In the Morning Glow" (Harpers) will be read with as much pleasure by their elders. They are bits of American family life, almos too intimate to print, told by the mouth of a little child. That fiction is kept up consistently and artistically. The book is helped by Alice Barber Stephens's pictures The faces and figures are faithfully American, and the artist succeeds in illustrating

a certain class of writers. It may be that fiction seems less wicked when Biblical names can be employed, or perhaps remote antiquity may seem to render permissible sensationalism that would be objectionable in more modern times. Mr. Josiah M. Ward has written "Come With Me Into Babylon" (Frederick A. Stokes Company), which he tells us is a story of the fall of Nineveh. Any one who accepts his invitation will find amid hair-raising adventures a number of proper names equally hair-raising, the most familiar of which will be Nebuchadnezzar and Assurbanipal We have to accept, besides various dialects offered by the British Isles and various parts of the United States, German, French Italian, Spanish, Hindu and Manx, in current fiction. Mr. Ward asks us to swallow Assyrian, too, but we must really draw the

Some of Bret Harte's aftermath is gathred in "Condensed Novels, Second Series, New Burlesques" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) varies in quality. The burlesques or Conan Doyle and Anthony Hope are as good and light in touch as anything that Mr. Harte ever did; those on Rudyard Kipling and Hall Caine show a much heavier hand. It was a club that Mr. Harte wielded, and pretty savagely. He parodied, too, "David Harum" and Miss Corelli and the historical tales in Mr. Blackmore's style. There is enough of the early Bret Harte to make the book entertaining, and some passages are very good, indeed. Sketches of slum life in the Italian quarte

of a seaside town connected by the same old love story are presented as a novel by Mabel G. Foster in "The Heart of the Doctor" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The externals that are visible to "slummers" have been observed with some degree of accuracy, and the author at times seems to have an inkling of the real feelings of the people she describes. She shows up over and again, for instance, their characteristic trait of lasting gratitude for kindnesses, great and small. She is much less successful in explaining the connection between motive and action on the part of her Americans. This may be due to the desire to harrow the feelings. A morphine fiend who keeps getting in the way throughout the book seems to be a special pet of the author. He could have been left out with no harm to the story. It is a pitythat the manuscript was not submitted to some one conversant with Italian. With the book-Italian the author comes off fairly well, but the dabs at dialect are sometimes startling.

The same old setting, the imaginary country with its imaginary politics and its mysterious diplomats trying to prevent PUBLICATIONS.

NEW BOOK

NEWS

THE INTRUSIONS OF PEGGY. Anthony Hope has written his long-expected novel. It was published four days ago, and already forecasts another popular success like The Prisoner of Zenda. The new novel has, in fact, the same absorbing interest. and in addition the bright, live humor that everybody enjoyed in the Dolly Dialogues. The title is The Intrusions of Peggy.

IN THE MORNING GLOW.

Few stories have attracted wider notice than the "Mother," "Grandfather," and "Little Sister" sketches by Roy Rolfe Gilson in Harper's Magazine. All readers will consider it personal good fortune that these studies touching the deepest note in human affection may now be had in permanent book form. It is entitled In the Morning Glow.

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS. Last year at this time was announced the Peter Newell edition of that delightful classic Alice in Wonderland. Now its companion volume is ready-the new holiday edition of Through the Looking Glass. There are forty full-page paintings by Peter Newell, a frontispiece portrait of the artist, decorative borders in color. &c., &c. In every way it is the most artistic edition of this great classic ever published. It is bound in vellum with a loose slip cover and is put up in a white and gold box-a beautiful, artistic gift.

THE MAID-AT-ARMS.

Again a word of Mr. Chambers' new novel, The Maid-at-Arms. Since publication the other day re-orders have been coming in from bookmen all over the country. It is already one of the best-selling books-a romantic novel of the early patroon families of New York.

THE VULTURES.

A note of interest, too, is that The Vultures, by Henry Seton Merriman, has already surpassed in sales his most successful work. The Vultures is a novel of diplomatic plot and intrigue—the final work of a novelist who is the greatest master in fiction of this style of writing.

ISTAR OF BABYLON.

Margaret Horton Potter's new novel is another work that has met with unusual favor. It has been described as the pagan "Ben Hur." It is a Biblical story of the time of the great feast of Belshazzar, describing the fateful life of that period with wonderful vividness and power.

THE WOOING OF WISTARIA. You have already heard much of the new novel The Wooing of Wistaria, by Onoto Watanna. The author's first success, A Japanese Nightingale, made a success of Wistaria even before its publication. It is a novel of Japan, told with all the daintiness and humor that every one so thoroughly enjoyed in A Japanese Nightingale.

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-New York Press

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mance, and information."

Philippines." Pittsburg Dispatch.

"Last week saw the sale of a first edition of Browning's 'Men and Women,' in two volumes, bound in the most extravagant manner. The books came to the attention of P. A. Perry, a great collector and book lover of the West, at the recent exhibition of the Richmond Art Association, and he was so much taken with them that he called on Raiph Randolph Adams, proprietor of the Adams Bindery of this city, and secured them. The wonderful thing about the binding, which measures only 6½ by 4½, inches, is the binaying of both the inside and outside of the covers. This inlaying differs materially from the method commonly employed in that it is to the board, instead of being superficial. It has been perfected by Mr. Adams, WHO HAN STYLED IT VIENNESE INLAYING. Mr. Perry says that they are undoubtedly the finest bindings that have been done in this country and excel in workmanship even the French binders. These books were exhibited at Seribner's for \$1,250. The binding of the doublure is particularly interesting. It is in delicate blue. The ornamenting flowers are in white and yethow, with green leaves. It is intended to be emblematic of Browning in his lighter and more graceful moods. The binding of this book has grasped what the French binders long ago attained, viz.: the combination of appropriate design with the perfection of craftsmanship. Mr. Adams has revived the style af inlaying colored leathers that was practiced in Vienna several hundred years ago, but which was abandoned because of the Inability of the old binders to keep the joints from parting."

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Saturday Review of Books.

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PUBLICATIONS.

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